THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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Henry Woodville.

(*Concluded.*)

THEY wished to keep their vows within their own bosoms until Henry should be of age, when if his father should not acquiesce in his choice, he could not oblige him to wed another. But alas! how vain are the attempts to hide such true love as burned within their breasts!—

"A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
"Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon."

Woodville saw there was some secret concealed in his son's breast—his lips wore less often the smile of careless pleasure when in his presence. He determined to observe his movements, and if possible learn the cause of the change. He soon perceived that in Hellen's company his eye sparkled with a more animated glow than usual. Their frequent whispering—the crimson blush that, uncontrolled, came and went from his cheek when he heard her name, did not escape his notice.

Before the discovery of Henry's attachment, his father had a scheme in his mind, which at some future period he hoped to see accomplished; but he now determined to carry it forward with all possible despatch. It was the union of Henry with Lucy, the only daughter of Esq. Orvill. His object for this was—the Esq. possessed a fortune equalling his own; and he also hoped with the union of their children, Orvill would assist him in procuring a certain lucrative office under government, for which he had been an unsuccessful candidate at a former election. He accordingly prohibited Henry the society of Hellen. Not knowing the strength and sincerity of their attachment, he hoped that by their separation Henry, at least, would forget an orphan who, in his view, was wholly unworthy his affections.

The character of Lucy may be described in few words. She was like most other *only daughters*, a "spoilt child." She had from infancy been indulged in every childish whim—was taught to think herself superior to her mates—was vain and haughty. She had her German, French and Italian teachers, but as she made little improvement under them, we will pass by her knowledge of literature. She found sufficient occupation in summer, travelling to the Springs or fashionable watering-places; and in winter, reading novels, procuring new dresses and engaging makers of them, and in going to parties and talking of them.

Lucy used all her art to gain the affections of Henry, more for the sake of winning a prize which all the belles of the Valley sought after, than for any love she bore him. But the girl who could talk of nothing but laces, gay gowns, and parties, made but a slight impression on the heart before devoted to one possessing talent of the highest order, adorned by a most brilliant imagination, and an eye flashing with the fire of intellect.

Henry found himself in a dilemma, and knew not how to extricate himself. He feared the wrath of his father too much to tell him of his secret engagement with Hellen; and though he treated Lucy with respect, he could not love her. Thus he lived for some months, wearing the mask of cheerfulness, whilst his feelings were smothered like the smouldered fires of Ætna. In such a state of mind the stoutest heart will yield. Henry gradually lost his gaiety, a "green and yellow melancholly" settled on his brow, and the glow of health began to fade from his cheeks. His physician advised a voyage across the ocean, thinking that by leaving those scenes he no longer enjoyed, he might find abroad, happiness that was in vain sought among his native hills. In a short time he embarked for Italy. Soon after his departure his father was thrown from his carriage, when his shoulder was dislocated, and his head severely bruised by the fall. The accident happening near Mr Gordon's, he was carried senseless into his house, where he remained several weeks, suffering too much from his wounds and weakness to be removed. During this time Hellen attended him with the care and affection of a daughter. When he recovered his reason and saw her kindness, he was convinced that *wealth alone* did not constitute the *summum bonum*. He wished she was his own daughter, and often as she mildly enquired for his health, or brought him his light food prepared with her own hands, would he inwardly curse himself for opposing Henry's union with her.

He slowly recovered from his wounds, but he had lost forever is peace of mind—all his pleasures ceased—he wasted away slowly with anxiety and perplexity. Henry had been from home nearly a year, and for the last four months he had not heard from him. He began to fear he had died among strangers, with none to show

him the kindness he had himself so lately received from an *orphan*. He felt himself the murderer of his son, and he feared he had raised in Hellen's breast the storm—

"Whose blast leaves Joy a tomb, and Hope a speck,
"Reason a blank, and happiness a wreck."

He anxiously read the accounts of deaths in the public journals, expecting every week to see that of Henry among the number. Thus for some time he lived in that uncertainty and "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." What was his surprise, when at length he read, not his death, but *marriage* to a Venetian heiress! But this news relieved his mind from a great burden, though it frustrated his ambitious schemes. As a punishment for his son's rashness, and as a recompense for the unhappiness he had himself caused Hellen, he determined to support her as his child, and at his death give her his property. He was returning from Esq. Orvill's late in the evening, where he had been making his will, when two ruffians supposing he had been receiving money, collected by the Esq. rushed upon and stabbed him to the heart! In the morning the will was found in his pocket. He was interred on the third day with all that pomp and splendor which wealth commands. And he was mourned, as many of the wealthy are mourned, with heartless sorrow.

Ellen endured the wreck of her happiness with a martyr's fortitude. Her sorrow, though deep, was silent and unobtrusive. If she wept, it was in the solitary desolation of her heart, when there was no human ear to listen.

"——She never told her love,
"But let concealment like a worm i' the bud
"Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in tho't,
"And with a green and yellow melancholly
"She sat like patience on a monument
"Smiling at grief."

But Lucy, when she heard of Henry's marriage, accepted the hand of Lieut. Roberts, who was spending the summer at her father's. He was a fellow fond of dress, dancing, riding races, and, upon occasion, of flirting with every pretty girl he saw.—He was

"A fellow the hand of nature mark'd,
"Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame."

He knew it was the wish of Woodville to unite his son with Lucy, and he resolved at all hazards to win her himself. He had accordingly contrived to intercept Henry's communications, and procured the insertion of his marriage in a journal.

Already has the reader anticipated the end of the story, but a few words shall give it in my own way. Henry learned the news of his father's tragical death through the medium of a public journal, and ignorant of Robert's villany he hastened home, thinking there could now no storm arise to blast the promised blossom of happiness. He soon learned that he was penyless; but he felt confident that Hellen would not discard him for his poverty—love had twined its tendrils around her heart in her early years, and neither vanity nor wealth would rend them away.

Henry's anticipations were soon realized. In six weeks from the time of his return he stood at the altar as bridegroom with Hellen for his bride. Need we add that they lived but too enjoy the pleasures, to pluck the roses of life; and as for its thorns they thought not—knew not.

NU.

Lines to *****

'Tis a lovely night—
And the pale, silvery moon is flinging its
Last reviving rays through my half open
Shutter, and my lone, expiring lamp is
Casting on the walls around its fitful blaze.
The deep toned bell has chimed the hour of two,
And nature's self seems slumbering in
Her own deep stillness.
And I have tried to sleep.
I'd been to the lighted halls of mirth; and soft,
Rich music stole upon the ear, so sweet, so lovely,
Did it vibrate there, that I had well nigh
Fancied me a spirit, listening to the pure strains
Breathed from the lyre of Heaven.
And flowers, sweet, sweet flowers hung as
A gilded tapestry around those brilliant walls,
Their fragrance blent with myrrh and
Saffron's rich perfume. And spices with the
Cinnamon which blow on rich Arabia's soil,
Were sending forth their odours, rare and
Refreshing, as floated on the breeze of Eden
In its primeval state.
And there was lovely woman, too, bewitching
In her smiles. And ever and anon as
They'd steal a glance from neath those
Dark brown lashes, a blush would paint
Its crimson on her cheek, a smile would
Gently quiver on her lip: and oh! that look
How lovely, how eloquently beautiful!
The wine, the song, the dance,
The ever-blooming flowers, fragrant spices, and
Beauty in its own half blushing loveliness;
All—all was there, to cheat, through dim
Forgetfulness, the soul of sorrow.
It was the hall of Revelers.
And *I was there*, and viewed the scene
With blank and vacant gaze.
Scarce conscious of my own existence,
I'd drank from the cup of human wo,
Its last, and bitterest dregs—and I had
Sought this place of social glee, to bury
In oblivion's cold tomb, the thoughts
That haunted me: thoughts that came
Creeping o'er my soul as the chill frosts
Of night. I'd viewed the dance,
But participated not its joy.
I'd thought on hours like these, and
Heard of pleasure's scenes, to banish care,
And render calm and clear the feelings
Of the soul. But Oh! how sickning!
To follow down the lane of all that evening's
Riot, and tell of scenes that none but
Those who saw, could credit.
I hasted home and tried to rest.
But the pale blanched features of the revelers,
As the shivering ghost of some lost spirit,
Came flitting up before me, and I could

Not sleep. I rose, and from the half opened
Casement, saw the deep blue sky bespangled
With its thousand brilliant stars, the gems
Of heaven, and heard the distant warbling
Of the Nightingale; while all within was
Calm and still, as the unruffled bosom
Of the sea. And as I gazed on this scene
So exquisitely beautiful, I could *but* think
How poor, how despicable is the joy
That moves in pleasure's gilded halls.
I'd value more one ling'ring look
At this now fading moonlight;
I'd value more, one deep, shrill note
From the soft music of the bird of night,
One hasty view of glittering star-light,
And the wide expanse above me, one rich,
And sweet communion with an absent friend,
Than all the fading trash, that wakes
"The spirit of the revels."
Oh! who that deems himself a man,
With powers of mind akin to Heaven,
Can trammel down to baser things,
The soul that 's formed for bliss. MONTMOR.

Illness.

And thus does hope, man's fondest pray'r,
Beam on his beating breast;
It pictures scenes of pleasure fair,
Then comes the wave of dark despair,
And as it sweeps his bosom bare,
The bubble rolls to rest. MILFORD BARD.

WHAT strange and mysterious feelings come over the mind of an individual when seized with some sudden disease of a dangerous or doubtful nature. It is one, perhaps, who has never for an hour sunk under its withering influence—one who has always felt the flow of health within his veins—whose strong arm and measured tread have tired, but never failed. Now the proud step is hushed and the strong arm enfeebled, and the brain is dizzy and confused, and the feeble pulse beats sluggishly, the clear firm tones of the manly voice now tremble in their utterance, as if afraid of the spirit that breathes upon the frail tabernacle they inhabit. It is thus that men die.—And the sick man remembers those who have gone before him to the "house appointed for all living." Some of them were his comrades in life—and he had watched them in their decline, as their wasting forms from day to day grew pale and lighter, and their breath more quick and painful, while their trembling voice and sunken eye too plainly marked that that they "were not for earth." And he had seen them die! Cut off from life and the bright hopes that circled round it, they had gone away to the shadows of the darkened future. He had seen the grave close over them, and the living world pass away in forgetfulness; and, though months and years may have intervened, the recollection of them comes back to the mind with a painful distinctness—like a voice from the dead whispering in his ear the warnings of his doom.

He, too, may *soon* die! In health he had always regarded death as a distant event—a mysterious something wrapped up in the veil of futurity, which some later period would disclose. Now, it has come to his door—not with the slow and gentle pace of time, but with a new and hurried tread—mysterious, indeed, as well when its stealthy step is on our threshhold, as when viewed through the mists of intervening years. Yes, he may soon *die!* but who can tell the import of that fearful word? Who that has not looked beyond the grave can tell the secrets that are hidden there?—dark, unfathomable, unuttered secrets! These are subjects on which the unwilling soul will often dwell, even in its sunny hours of rest, with intense solicitude, and often with a troubled feeling as it counts its numbered years and thinks of the frailties of human life. To the sick man these may soon be *present realities.* He may soon have gone behind the scene and looked upon the visions of unveiled Eternity, and himself have entered upon that state of joy or pain from which there is no return. And the grave, too, that dreary abode where his friends have gone to dwell, may be his home. He thinks, while those he loves are watching around him and bestowing perhaps their last acts of kindness, that he may soon be hid from them forever,—that they will soon convey him away a loathesome, inanimate form, to the silence of the sepulchre; and that ere the moss shall have gathered on the stone that marks the place of his burial, or the tall, rank grass wave above him, *they* shall cease to "go there to linger and to weep."

With these come other thoughts and other scenes. Onward in life are joyous hopes. Visions bright with happiness have danced before his mind, and wooed him to their embrace.—Shall he yet live for life?—Shall he yet see many days, and be blest with the full fruition of all that hope has imagined to his fancy, and go down to his grave full of years? Or has he only looked on life and mingled with the living but to go away and hold communion? Alas! these are questions to which there is no response! and the trembling soul shrinks back within itself as it thinks that a few hours, perhaps, will furnish a silent, but unalterable reply. It is uncertainty all—a fearful, mysterious uncertainty.

I have watched by such an one, and have been sick at heart to mark by the changing countenance, the quivering lip and restless eye, the fearful thoughts that reigned within. But it is not *always* thus. I have seen *one die* who died in peace. Not a mark of fear, or disquietude, or dismay appeared in the countenance of the sufferer when she *knew* that her hour was

come. The Star of Bethlehem lighted the darkness of her lonely passage, and pointed her way to a Heaven of rest. H.

The First Grave.

A single grave !—the only one
In this unbroken ground,
Where yet the garden leaf and flower,
Are lingering around.

A single grave !—my heart has felt
How utterly alone
In crowded halls, where breathed for me
Not one familiar tone ;

The shade where forests trees shut out
All but the distant sky ;
I've felt the loneliness of night
When the dark winds past by ;

My pulse has quickened with awe,
My lip has gasped for breath ;
But what were they to such as this—
The solitude of death.

A single grave ! we half forget
How sunder human ties.
When around the silent place of rest
A gatherer kindred lies.

We stand beneath the haunted yew,
And watch each quiet tomb ;
And in the ancient church-yard feel
Solemnity, not gloom ;

The place is purified with hope,
The hope that is of prayer,
And human love, and heavenly thought,
And pious faith, and there

The wild flowers spring amid the grass ;
And many a stone appears,
Crown'd by affection's memory,
Wet with affection's tears.

The golden chord which binds us all
Is loose, not rent in twain ;
And love, and hope, and fear unite
To bring the post again.

But the grave is so desolate,
With no remembering stone,
No fellow-graves for sympathy –
'Tis utterly alone.

I do not know who sleeps beneath,
His history or name—
Whether if, lovely in his life,
He is in death the same ;

Whether he died unloved, unmourned,
The last leaf on the bough ;
Or if some desolated hearth
Is weeping for him now.

Perhaps this is too fanciful :—
Though single be his sod,
Yet not the less it has around
The presence of his God.

It may be weakness of the heart,
But yet 'tis kindest, best ;
Better if in our selfish world
It could be less repress.

Those gentler characters which draw
Man closer with his kind—
Those sweet humanities which make
The music which they find.

How many a bitter word 'twould hush—
How many a pang 't would save,
If life more precious held that grace.
Which sanctifies the grave. BY L. E. L.

The feelings and emotions of the human mind are susceptible of such an infinite variety of change and modification, according to the different circumstances in which it is placed, as to give each one something peculiar to himself, in his mode of feeling, and acting, and in the general complexion of his life. Although there are many subjects of a general and comprehensive character, with regard to which each individual has similar views in the main, yet when drawn out in detail and given at length, we usually find a wide diversity, if not a palpable contrariety of opinion. And the difference is not more obvious in the decisions of the mind than in the predilections of the heart. An equally manifest and prevailing dissimilarity seems to obtain in the objects of like and dislike, pleasure and pain with mankind at large, as in the decisions of their understandings with regard to those subjects that come within the province of mind. And as the variety of human form, which we daily see, is not supposed to depend upon a difference in the material of which it is composed, but upon the difference in composition itself, so likewise the mind of man should be considered the same as to the faculties of which it is composed, but deriving its distinctive features from their difference of combination. Hence we may suppose that a simple object, divested of all complexity in the influence which it exerts on the mind, and addressing itself to a single passion, will produce the same effect on all, and its intensity will depend upon the interest with which the object is attended, and the strength of the passsions to which it is applied. Perhaps this will account for the strong and similar emotions that are excited in almost every breast at a view of those objects which awaken the deepest feelings of the soul, and in which every one thinks in some way or other his dearest interests are involved. And I apprehend there is nothing upon which the eye of man can rest through the wide circuit of observation, that fills the soul with such a crowd of overwhelming reflections of the most interesting and important character, sufficient, one would think, to make impressions on the heart as durable as existence, as a view of the opened *grave*, ready to receive the last remains of its victim.

The lasting impression which a scene of this description is adapted to make on the mind under the circumstances in which it is viewed, is much weakened by that induration of heart which is the inevitable result of a dissipated manner of thinking and feeling and of vague and sceptical views of those interests with which it is intimately connected. Though the reflection is sufficiently strong to make a lasting impress upon any thing less hard than the ada-

mant, yet not unfrequently does it rebound from the brazen bosom of man without any effect except the shock communicated at the time. And hence it is that many after receiving from this source impressions which, had they been durable, might have been the cause of the most happy consequences in after life, have entirely trifled them away and forgotten that they must experience that which a sight, simply, is so awful and impressive.

But however great and effectual the struggle may be to escape from all the reflections so unwelcome to the ease and quiet of the mind, and break away from the solemnity which naturally attends one on his return, there will always be felt at the time even by the most volatile, thoughtless and sceptical impressions the most indiscribable and overwhelming. The obscurity and darkness which covers every thing in connexion with the grave; our perfect ignorance of the nature of that change which passes on one when the soul leaves the body, and the long track of darkness that covers the intermediate space between this and another world, rendering it emphatically a "land of silence and night" on which scarcely a ray of light beams from Revelation, fill the mind naturally when contemplating it, with amazement and awe. Could we see the wandering spirit as it took its flight, mark its way on to its final destination, discover the relation in which it stood to this earth, the mouldering dust it had left behind and the minds with which it once associated and communed,—could we in short know with the same particularity the history and progress of the mind and body until they should again be united and stand in the presence of their judge that we do on the earth, much of the charm and terror which now invests the grave would be broken and driven away. But this can never be. And the mystery which now hangs over this interesting period in the history of man will ever remain a mystery and invest the closing scene of life with that solemnity which makes the sceptic deeply feel.

But there are other considerations than those drawn directly from this subject, which will, however unwelcome they may be, crowd themselves at times upon the mind. It is the great art of short-sighted men to look upon things simply in their connection with the present life, and to extract the meagre pittance of enjoyment with which he contents himself from their relation, without taking into view the whole extent of his existence though fully aware that its duration must be progressive as eternity. With a slight effort, aided by the natural bias of his mind he succeeds in binding his thoughts to the earth, with which all his interests, schemes of happiness, aggrandizement and wealth are intimately associated, and consequently the hand that severs this bond of union must separate him from his only resources of expected happiness. A glance into the grave reminds him of the ultimatum of all earthly greatness and splendor —the long life upon which with so much fondness had allotted, dwindles to a point—it ends in the grave—the bright visions of anticipated pleasure with which he has cheated his soul of the glories of Heaven—the expected joy of some elevated station which should give him dominion over his fellow men, or blazon his name through the world, for which little mortals as it were, "instinct with ambition, have mounted into gods," all seem like a vision of the night "which appeareth for a little while and then passeth away." He gets a slight though inadequate view of the transient nature of the wisdom and riches of the world, and in proportion as it approximates the truth, are the gloomy apprehensiens he entertains with regard to the wretched fallacies with which he has been deluded. But these thoughts are soon buried in the business of the world which immediately resumes its importance and after all, he follows his fellows to the grave without using the wisdom instinctive in his nature.

There perhaps may have been instances where a remarkable combination of stupidity and weakness has enabled a person to resist all the impressions which a scene like the above, is adapted to make upon the mind. But the sentiment of the poet upon this point has been realized in a thousand instances, that "though fools we live, yet fools we cannot die." Hume, perhaps, may have been an exception to this, but he was, nevertheless, no more an anomaly in this respect than in many others—the cold indifference with which he regarded the closing scene of life, was no greater violation of the instinctive feelings of our nature, than the principles he maintained were of the dictates of common sense. And the same diseased state of the heart, that would prompt one to embrace the latter in opposition to the plain and simple positions of truth will be likely to regard the former, as a kind of triumphant practical exhibition of thei rreality; although obviously the result of affected and not real feelings of the heart. I fully believe that with no reasonable view of human nature it can ever be shown, that such feelings are the legitimate offspring of the principles he entertained. As he professed no belief in a Revelation, the future, to him was shrouded in darkness and uncertainty; how then could he but be solicitous with regard to his future destiny? or if he expected the end of his being would be in the grave, and his mind and

body perish together, how could he endure the thought without emotion, or rather how could it be calculated to excite levity and trifling? And whatever view we take of the subject, unless it be upon the ground of a Christain hope, no individual, under the influence of the common instincts of his nature, can realize his exit from life without agitation and terror. And the hypocritical effort which has been made by a comparatively few to throw a species of heroism over the closing scene of their life by their utter contempt of death, although they have no hope in a coming world, is an outrage on humanity, far better beter becoming the nature and dignity of a demon or brute, than the weakness of man.

CRIT****.

The Twilight Hour.

'Twas the calm hour of twilight, the landscape was seen,
With its pastures and meadows all waving in green;
And the song of the night bird was heard from the hill,
A response to the notes of the "shrill whip-poor-will."

The Shepherd had ceased from the toils of the day,
All listless, his flocks on the velvet hills lay, [strain,
And the lute which had breathed forth the wild mountain
With the Shepherd boy's harp in the cot rests again.

'Twas nature's self slumbered—and the night-star arose
From o'ceans broad bosom, its bed of repose,
And shed o'er the world its refulgence so bright,
It scattered the mists, and shades of the night.

The village was hushed—its wild tumults were o'er,
And joy seemed to sparkle, where tears shone before,
And spirits which long had been fettered to earth,
Were rising to heaven, from whence they had birth.

The circle had met, and the prayer was prefered [heard;
To that Being who had promised that prayer should be
The blessing came down as rich mercy drops given,
And souls were transformed to the image of Heaven.

Long,—long may rememberance plant in the soul,
The thoughts, and the feelings, which then had control;
And when life's raging storms on this heart cease to pour,
May fancy call back, the sweet, sweet twilight hour.

MONTMOR.

The Quaker.

(Concluded.)

Remorse—she ne'er forsakes us—
A bloodhound staunch—she tracks our rapid step
Through the wild labyrinth of youthful phrenzy,
Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us;
Then in our lair, when time hath chill'd our joints,
And maim'd our hope of comfort, or of flight,
We hear her deep-mouthed bay, announcing all
Of wrath, and wo, and punishment that bides us.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

It was the hour of dinner, and few persons were abroad; the air was still, the sky of one bright blue, and the atmosphere dazzling as a veil of molten gold. Richard and his *spirituelle* at length arrived with postillions in front, while Peter issued his orders as gracefully and emphatically as Joseph Aspdon, or the illustrious Gilpin, "a sage of old." A mere glance at the Quaker's eyes, in whose dark orbs the fire of his soul beamed forth, was amply sufficient to recognise the tenor of his feelings. Animated by high anticipations of bliss, spirits that had but recently lain dormant mantled into brilliancy, and a thousand wild visions flitted across his mind. The silent but eloquent language of his countenance had imparted to *her* the secret of his heart—her gentle blush, her soft and cheerful feelings as charmingly replied. The collation was over. Did they withdraw in contemplation amid the delicious bowers of repose? or did they wander to muse upon the mighty enginery of nature, and seek to catch the distant glimpses of the invisible?—Heavens, no! The continual flutter of coxcombs and admirers around them, absorbed their leisure hours. Parties hither and thither, to and fro, up and down the Susquehannah, banished from their thoughts sober realities. Time went by glittering with the pearls of hope. And did there only a *momentary light* sparkle from their eyes? Yea, 'twas but the meteor of a night—no native of the sky.

"Nancy, what thinkest thou respecting a ride across the water?"

"Why, Richard, I think we should spend our time more delightfully here at home?"

"Any special reasons? the visit certainly would be very delectable."

"O, I presume the tour of Europe would be very pleasant."

"Exquisitely so."

"But there are so many dangers attending the voyage."

"Dangers! what?—Oh no, embark in one of the Liverpool packets, and we shall be carried across so safely and fleetly that we shall scarcely know it."

"Yes, but we shall be surrounded by strangers, en masse, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha, O, dear me. I guess we shall not be forlorn, exactly. Why, Nancy, we never can expect to see the world, nor be acquainted with society at large, if we keep in the "corner" all of our days. We must travel. Goldsmith approved of it. All great men approve of it. I approve of it."

"Aha! we can travel in our own country. Surely, I have not seen near all in this part of the world. I imagine that Goldsmith wouldn't approved of visiting every part of the world but your own."

"La me! by all means, he would see the best, if any. Now cast aside your old whims, my dear, and we will spend a few months in

England to our minds, thee may depend; and there's the King and lady, they will leave at the same time. Ha, ha, what times—come."

"Well. But we must make it pleasant."

"Oh, certainly."

"Richard, supposing our purse fails us, what then?"

"Oh, never fear—enough of that, plenty."

They sailed in the brig Queenstone, after having received a promise that I would follow them as soon as my A. M. was conferred, in addition to immediate correspondence. Little did they think as the western breeze was wafting them calmly and gently from the shore, that they were to return no more, forever! That their rides on the river were finished, and the happy amusements within their wide domains were never to be renewed! But so even it was.

Two years from their departure I left for London. A harmonious and joyful voyage it was. Not a spar was wrecked nor a pulley broken. We passed the channel and entered the Thames. I would not attempt to describe my feelings as our barge glided majestically up its glassy surface. The round moon rode high in heaven, and shone with effulgent splendor upon the chrystal water. We anchored in the roads over against Woodbury, and immediately were mingling with the busy, restless crowd, anon were moving through Fleet-street to Ludgate Hill. My friend had left his name at the city hall eighteen months since, and his check had been honored by his banker. Where he took lodgings was unknown. I despaired of finding him as no letters had been received since his embarkation.

One afternoon as I was leaving St. Paul's on my right, whose towering dome looked down upon the happiness and misery of one million of souls, a stranger accosted me and offered a ride through the city. When returning by the river, after visiting the city of cities, and pinagon of paragons, owing to the heedlessness of the gondolier we were carried past Black Friars and set ashore at Waterloo Bridge. A black cloud overhung the capital, and nought but "deep darkness" led my way. At last a small light became discernible ahead in one of the back streets. I saw it flickering, and advanced with rapid pace. I reached the dingy dwelling, seized the knocker, and requested an entrance.—What is wanted? was the reply, and a grim old woman opened upon me. I pointed to the scene without which seemed to be satisfactory. She conducted me through a long room, an east room, a north room, and finally welcomed me to the west, which was gloomy and misshapen enough for a hot bed of elfins. I saw a being prostrated upon the floor. I moved towards the spot with a small taper in my hand. It was a man. He was pale and emaciated, and his eyes were almost sunk in their sockets.—The lids partly opened, and he gave a death groan. He pronounced the name of *Richard, your friend.* His last half guinea was gone. I enquired of the keeper of the house respecting him, and after much persuasion obtained a letter which had been consigned to her keeping to be deposited in the London post-office, bearing my superscription. His expenses were footed, and his body left to be interred, when I found myself in my room devouring the contents of the epistle, which was as follows:

London, October ——.

Esteemed Friend,—

Now that all hopes are gone of ever beholding the land of my freedom and happiness, I embrace this very unfavorable opportunity to give thee a recapitulation of the events which have occurred since my departure from America. Thee well knows my early love, and the reasons of my leaving for England. Our voyage, though protracted, was delightful, and we were ushered into the British metropolis amid the roar of cannon, and the acclamations of grateful thousands. We accompanied the King and suite to his majesty's residence, and met with a hearty reception from the Princess Caroline. Time passed pleasantly, and for the most part was spent in travelling from place to place. We knocked at the door of every government in Europe, and went the whole round of civilized city. A few months elapsed, and a lovely daughter was the gift of our affections. O, God, what joy! the like never could have existed since the sun lent his earliest rays through the olive groves of Eden to gild the summit of Golconda! We returned from Paris, and took up our abode at Hempstead. But to what am I coming! Oh! these agonizing fires of remorse which are burning within! I have sown the seeds of misfortune, and am reaping the whirlwinds of despair. If my pen were dipped in the empyreal fire of heaven, I should form a panorama of terrors that would frighten thee from thy senses, and, perhaps, pave the way for an untimely end. Nevertheless, be it known that I am dying in my native country, a skulking fugitive in the house of a miserable fish-woman. A midnight robber! a murderer!—doubly damned—to hell! Is it possible? Oh, Heaven!—but the earth yawns to clasp me to its bosom. Would that I were dead! Twice have I drank the potent drug, but it has lain harmless within me. Let me be brief.

One evening as I was wandering up the lane which leads from my Hempstead residence, I

unexpectedly perceived my Naney walking by the arm of one, gentlemanly in his appearance. A hellish suspicion rushed upon my brain;—I advanced stealthily towards them—watched my opportunity, drew a stiletto from my bosom, which was warm with blood, and *stabbed* her to the heart! she looked up with surprise—forgiveness—shrieked, and fell lifeless at my feet. It was her *Uncle*.

Frequently with this ardent enthusiast, my dear and ever cherished friend, hanging upon my arms, have I ascended the highest cliff which overhangs the distant sea. There would she eye the bright orb of day and beauties surrendering its powers into its Creator's hands; and there would she exclaim as its last dying rays lighted up her expressive countenance—"O, thus may we finish our last scene in the grand drama of life, like him in felicity and undiminished glory, our end like his more glowing and beautiful than the hour of his meridian splendor."—She *has* gone, yea, to the regions above. My doom is below, deeper than the deepest. But I am moralizing. Yet this *mental* hell!—ye demons invisible! why not extinguish this living essence! this *black* soul which lies concealed within me! Ye would not wrong that pure world within whose sphere ye move half so much. Envious beings! Die? no, I can't die! I am to live forever!! Oh!—if *that* daughter should ever reach thee, who bears the impress of *that* angel, for even so she was, which stooped to my affections, *do* not acquaint her of the unhappy fate of her parents—of that father who was a wretch, of that spotless mother who loved him, *not wisely*, but too well.

I am in ——

Here the manuscript ended. We give it as it come to our hands. Connubial Trunnion, say, can your exploits compete with this?

LAYLOCK.

Items of News.

FOREIGN.—There has nothing occurred of late, that we have seen, at the seat of war in Europe, of much interest. The Poles continue to show an unbroken front, and the Russians to preserve their post of distant observation. The rumor that the great Powers had resolved to acknowledge the independence of Poland, is we fear, at least premature.

CHURCHES IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1831.—It has been ascertained that there are now in the U. States more than 12,000 churches. The principal religious denominations are Baptists and Methodists, who have together, 4,484 churches: the Presbyterans have 1,472 churches; the Congregationists have 1,381 churches; the Episcopalians are also numerous, and have 922 churches; the Roman Catholics have 184 churches; the Dutch Reformed have 602 churches; the Friends have 462 societies; the Lutherans have 240 churches; the Unitarians have 127 churches; the Jews have 76 synagogues; the Calvinistic Baptists have 84 churches; the Swedenborgians have 73 churches; and the Moravians have 51 churches.—*Niles Register.*

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The bill of performances at the anniversary of this Institution, which was celebrated on Wednesday last, exhibits the exercises and names of forty-two graduates. It is a fact worthy of notice, says the Courier, that not one of these forty-two individuals belongs to the city of Boston.

Horne Took used to say, that law, in his opinion, ought not to be a luxury for the rich but a remedy, to be easily, speedily, and cheaply obained by the poor. When told that the courts of Justice 'were open to all,' he replied, 'and so is the London tavern, to such as can pay for the entertainment.'

When we look at a field of corn, we find that those stalks which raise their heads the highest are the emptiest. The same is the case with men; those who assume the greatest consequence have generally the least share of judement and ability.

A countryman having observed an advertisement of a fencing master, at twelve dollars per quarter, and supposing his intention was to enclose fields on an improved plan, called to enquire whether he meant to find stuff!—

A French priest, of some humor, says—"when the celebrated Bourdelone preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook their shops, the lawyers thetr clients, the physicians their sick: but when I preached there the next year, I set all to rights again—every man minded his own business."

COL. CROCKETT'S LAST.—In a stump speech, during the late canvass, he thus spoke:—Fellow-citizens, I am opposed because I am not a literary man.—Look at your President—look at your President! I will spell with him from *a b ab* to *crucifix*, and beat him at that.

The Philomathesian Society holds its semi-annual public Debate in the College Chapel on Wednesday eve of the 12th instant. Honorary members of the Society and those inhabitants of the village who would take an interest in such an exercise are invited to attend.

MARRIED,

In Windsor, Horace H. Harrington to Lutheria M. Matthews. In Weathersfield, George Gault, of Brooklyn, N. Y. to Elizabeth B. Bigelow. In Royalton, E. N. Nevens to Julia Dix. In Orwell, Ira Young, Esq. to Sally C. Young. In Clarendon, Silas Jones to Eunice Belden.

DIED,

In Chester, Mrs Mary Putnam, aged 85. In Chelsea, Mrs Sally Williams. In Townsend, Thomas Wood, 74. In Burlington, Caleb Thayer, 70. In Readsboro' Henry Davison, 34. In Bennington, Mrs Lydia Harwood. In Castleton, Samual Boies, 25; Mrs Demis Miner, 26; J. D. Benham, 23; Ebenezer Southmayd, 55.